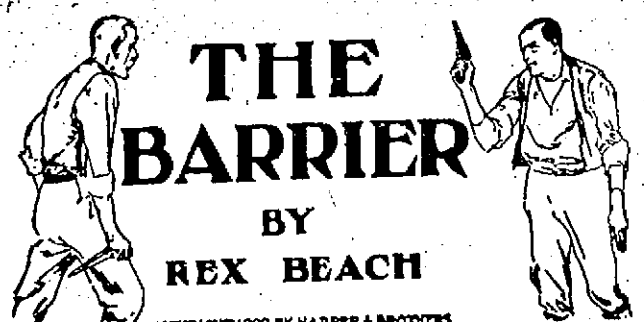


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THE BARRIER

BY REX BEACH

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CHAPTER VIII. THE KNIFE.

IN every community, be it ever so small, there are undesirable citizens, and while the little party was still at breakfast on the following morning three such members of society came around the cabin and let fall their packs, greeting the occupants boisterously.

"Well, well!" said Lee, coming to the door. "You're travelers' kind of early, ain't you?"

"Yes, early and late," one of them laughed, while the other two sprawled about as if to rest.

"How far are you going?"

"Not far," the spokesman answered. "We want a piece of this creek."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Cut that out, Lee. We're on."

"Who wised you up to this?" inquired the miner angrily.

"Never mind who put us Jerry. We're here, ain't we?"

The harm was done, and there was no use in concealment, so Lee reluctantly told them of his discovery and warned them of the stakes already placed.

"I'll step along with the boys and show them where our upper stakes are," volunteered Stark, and Runtion offered to do the same, adding that it were best to make sure of no conflict so early in the game. The five disappeared into the woods, leaving the others at the cabin to make preparations for the homeward trip.

"I don't like the look of this," observed the lieutenant thoughtfully. "I'm afraid there's some kind of a job on foot."

"There's nothing they can do," Gale answered. "We've got our ground staked out, and it's up to them to choose what's left."

They were nearly ready to set out for Flambeau when the five men returned.

"Before you go," said Stark, "I think we'd better organize our mining district. There are enough present to do it."

"We can make the kind of laws we want before the gang comes along," Runtion chimed in, "and elect a recorder who will give us a square deal."

"I'll agree if we give Lee the job," said Gale. "It's coming to him as the discoverer, and I reckon the money will be handy, seeing the hard luck he's played in."

The group assembled in the cleared space before the cabin to make rules and regulations governing the district, for it is a custom in all mining sections removed from authority for the property holders thus, to make local laws governing the size of claims, the amount of assessment work, the size of the recorder's fees, the character of those who may hold mines and such other questions as arise.

It was of wondrous interest to Necla to be an integral part of such important matters, and she took pride in voting on every question, but Burrell, who observed the proceedings from neutral ground, could not shake off the notion that all was not right. Things moved too smoothly. It looked as if there had been a rehearsal. Lee, Poleon and the trader, however, seemed not to notice it.

The surprise came when they had completed the organization of the district and had nearly finished adopting bylaws.

Runtion moved the adoption of a rule that no women be allowed to locate mining claims, and one of the strangers seconded it.

"What's that?" said Lee, raising his one eye from the notebook in which as secretary he was transcribing the minutes.

"It isn't right to let women in on a man's game," said Runtion.

"That's my idea," echoed the second.

"I s'pose this is aimed at my girl," said Gale, springing to his feet. "I might have known you bums were up to some crooked work."

Poleon likewise rose and ranged himself with the trader.

"Ba gur, I don't stan' for dat!" said he excitedly. "You want for jump Necla's claims, eh?"

"As long as I'm chairman we'll have no rough work," declared Stark, glaring at them. "If you want trouble, you two, I reckon you can have it; but, whether you do or not, the majority is going to rule, and we'll make what laws we want to."

He took no pains now to mask his dislike for Gale, who began to move toward him in his dogged, resolute way. Necla, observing them, hastened to her father's side, for that which she sensed in the bearing of both men quite overcame her indignation at this blow against herself.

"No, no; don't have any trouble!" she pleaded as she clung to the trader. "For my sake, daddy, sit down." Then she whispered fiercely into his ear: "Can't you see he's trying to make you fight? There's too many of them. Wait! Wait!"

Burrell attempted to speak, but Stark, who was presiding, turned upon him fiercely.

A moment later he saw the utility of interference when Stark continued, addressing the trader:

"This isn't aimed at you in particular, Gale, nor at your girl, for a notion to disqualify her isn't necessary. She isn't old enough to hold mining property."

"She's eighteen," declared the trader. "Not according to her story."

"Well, I can keep her claims for her till she gets of age."

"We've just fixed it so you can't," grinned Runtion cunningly. "No man



"No, no; don't have any trouble!" she pleaded.

one who roused himself to anger deliberately, much as a serpent stings itself into a painful fury, but now it was apparent that he was boiling over, for he stammered and halted and blustered explosively:

"You're a bunch of rascals, all of you, trying to down a poor girl and get her ground. But who put you wise to this thing, in the first place? Who found this gold? Just because there's enough of you to vote that motion through that don't make it legal, not by a d—d sight, and it won't hold, because I won't write it in the book. You—you!" He glared at them majestically, searching his mind for an epithet sufficiently vile and, finding it, spat it out—"dressmakers!"

So this was why both Stark and Runtion had gone up the creek with the three new men, thought Burrell. No doubt they had deliberately arranged the whole thing so that the new arrivals could immediately relocate each of Necla's claims—the pick of all the ground outside Lee's discovery and the surest to be valuable—and that Stark would share in the robbery.

Carefully slipping around the corner of the cabin and keeping the house between him and the others, Burrell broke into a swift run, making the most possible speed for fear they should miss him and guess his purpose, or, worse yet, finish their discussion and adjourn before he could complete his task. He was a light man on his feet, and he dodged through the forest, running more carelessly the farther he went, visiting first the upper claims; then, making a wide detour of the cabin, he came back to the initial stake of Necla's lower claim, staggering from his exertions, his lungs bursting from the strain. He had covered nearly a mile, but, even so, he laughed grimly as he walked back toward the cabin, for it was a game worth playing, and he was glad to take a hand on the side of the trader and the girl. Coming within earshot, he heard the meeting vote to adjourn. It could not have terminated more opportunely had he held a stop watch on it.

Runtion addressed the other conspirators loudly:

"Well, boys, there are three good claims open for relocation. I'm sorry I can't stake one of them."

"They won't lie open long," said one of the undesirable citizens, starting to turn downstream, while his two companions made for the opposite direction. But Burrell stopped them.

"Too late, boys. Your little game went wrong. Now, now, don't get excited! Whew, I had quite a run!"

Gale paused in his tracks and looked at the young man queerly.

"What do you mean?"

"I've jumped those claims myself."

"You jumped them!" cried Necla.

"Sure! I changed my mind about staking."

"It's a lie!" cried Runtion, at which Burrell whirled on him.

"I've been waiting for this, Runtion, ever since you came back. Now—"

"I mean you haven't had time," the other temporized hurriedly.

"Oh, that sounds better. If you don't believe me take a look for yourself. You'll find my notice just beneath Miss Gale's." Then to "No Creek" Lee he continued, "Kindly record them for me so there will be no question of priority."

"I'll be d—d if I do!" said the belligerent recorder. "You're worse'n these crooks. That ground belongs to Necla Gale!"

Up to this time Stark had remained silent, his impassive face betraying not a shadow of chagrin, for he was a good loser, but now he spoke at large.

"Anybody who thinks the American army is asleep is crazy." Then to Burrell, "You certainly are a nice young man to double cross your friends like that."

"You're no friend of mine," Meade retorted.

"I? What do you mean?"

"I double crossed you, Stark; nobody else. There's no use mouthing words

about it," said he. "These thugs are your tools, and you tried to steal that ground because it's sure to be rich."

Stark exclaimed angrily, but the other gave him no time to break in.

"Now, don't get rough, because that is my game, and I'd be pleased enough to take you back a prisoner." Then, turning to Lee, he said: "Don't make me force you to record my locations. I staked those claims for Miss Gale, and I'll deed them to her when she turns eighteen."

Poleon Dorel called to Runtion: "M'elou, you 'member w'at I tol' you yesterday? I'm begin for 'link it's goin' to be you."

Seeing that the game had gone against him, Stark got his feelings under control quickly and shrugged his shoulders as he turned away.

"You're in the wrong, lieutenant," he remarked, "but I don't want any trouble. You've got the law with you." Then to Runtion and the others he said, "Well, I'm ready to hit the trail."

When they had shouldered their packs and disappeared down the valley Gale held out his hand to the soldier. "Young man, I reckon you and I will be friends."

"Thank you," said Burrell, taking the offer of friendship, which he knew was genuine at last.

"I'm in on that," said "No Creek" Lee. "You're all right."

Poleon had been watching Stark's party disappear, but now he turned and addressed the young soldier.

"You mak' some enemies, today, m'sieu."

"That's right," agreed Lee. "Ben Stark will never let up on you now."

"Very well. That is his privilege."

"You don't savvy what it means to get him down on you," insisted Lee. "He'll frame things up to suit himself, then pick a row with you. He's the quickest man on a trigger in the west, but he won't never make no open play, only just devil the life out of you with little things till you dare up; then he'll down you. That's how he killed the gold commissioner back in British Columbia."

Necla had said little so far, but the look in her eyes repaid the soldier for his undertaking in her behalf and for any mischief that might ensue from it. She came forward and laid her hands upon his.

"Don't worry, daughter," reassured Gale. "There's nothing Stark can do, and whatever happens we're with the lieutenant. He's our kind of people."

Burrell liked this grizzled old fellow with the watchful eyes and was glad now that he could grip his hand and face him squarely with no guile upon his conscience.

By this time Dorel had finished with their blankets, and the four set out for town, but instead of following the others they accepted Necla as guide and chose the trail to Black Bear creek.

The party reached Flambeau on the following day, sufficiently ahead of Stark and his men for Lee to make known his find to his friends, and by sunset the place was depopulated, while a line of men could be seen creeping slowly up the valleys.

Gale found Alhuna in charge of the store, but no opportunity of talking alone with her occurred until late in the evening, after Necla had put the two little ones to bed and had followed them wearily. Then he told his squaw. She took the news better than he expected and showed no emotion such as other women would have displayed, even when he told her of the gunshot. Instead she inquired:

"Why did you try it there before all those others?"

"Well, when I heard him talking the wish to kill him was more than I could stand, and it came on me all at once, so that I was mad, I suppose."

"Does this man suspect?"

"No."

"Then it is child's play. We will lay a trap."

"No, by heaven!" Gale interrupted her hotly. "I tried that kind of work, and it won't do. I'm no murderer."

"Those are only words," said the woman quietly. "To kill your enemy is the law."

When he made no answer the squaw slipped out into the shadows, leaving



Gale slid the case from the long blade.

him staring into the flames, to return a moment later bearing something in her hands, which she placed in his. It was a knife in a scabbard old and worn.

"There is no magic that can turn bright steel," she said, then squatted again in the dimness outside of the firelight. Gale slid the case from the long blade and held it in his palm, letting the firelight flicker on it. He balanced it and tested the feel of its handle against his palm, then tried the edge of it with his thumb nail and found it honed like a razor.

The glancing, glittering light flashing from the deadly thing seemed to fascinate the man, for he held it a long while silently. The he spoke:

"For fifteen years I've been a haunted man, with a soul like a dark and dismal garret peopled with bats and vermin that flap and flutter all the time. I used to fidget if I killed

this man I'd kill last memory, too, and those flitting, noiseless things would leave me, but the thought of doing it made me afraid every time, so I ran away, which never did no good—you can't outrun a memory—and I knew not all the while that we'd meet sooner or later. Now that the day is here at last I'm not ready for it. I'd like to run away again if there was any place to run to, but I've followed frontiers till I've seen them disappear one by one. I've retreated till my back is against the circle, and there isn't any further land to go to. All the time I've prayed and planned for this meeting, and yet—I'm undecided."

"Kill him!" said Alhuna.

"No! I don't think I can do it—not in cold blood, anyhow. Good night! I'm going to sleep on it." He crossed to the door of his room, but as he went she noted that he slipped the knife and scabbard inside the bosom of his shirt.

CHAPTER IX.
THE AWAKENING.

EARLY the next morning Corporal Thomas came into the store and found Necla tending it while Gale was out. Ever since the day she had questioned him about Burrell this old man had taken every occasion to talk with the girl, and when he asked her this morning about the reports concerning Lee's strike she told him of her trip and all that had occurred.

"You see, I'm a mine owner now," she concluded. "If it hadn't been a secret I would have told you before I went, so you could have been one of the first."

"I'm gold' anyhow," he said. "If the lieutenant will let me and if it's not too late."

Then she told him of the trail by Black Bear creek which would save him several hours.

"So that's how you and he made it?" he observed, gazing at her shrewdly. "I supposed you went with your father?"

"Oh, no! We bent him in," she said and fell to musing at the memory of those hours passed alone with Meade, while her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed. The corporal saw the look, and it bore out a theory he had formed during the past month, so as he lingered he set about a task that had lain in his mind for some time. As a rule, he was not a careful man in his speech, and the delicacy of this maneuver taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, for he loved the girl and dared to say too much.

"The lieutenant is a smart young fellow," he began, "and it was slick work jumpin' all those claims. It's just like him to befrend a girl like you. I've seen him do it before."

"What!" exclaimed Necla. "Befriend other girls?"

"Or things just like it. He's always doin' favors that get him into trouble."

"This couldn't cause him trouble, could it, outside of Stark's and Runtion's grudge?"

"No, I reckon not," assented the corporal, groping blindly for some way of expressing what he wished to say. "Except, of course, it might cause a lot of talk at headquarters when it's known what he's done for you, and how he done it. I heard something about it down the street this mornin', so I'm afraid it will get to St. Michael's and then to his folks."

"I don't understand," said Necla.

"He hasn't done anything that any man wouldn't do under the same circumstances."

"No man's got a right to make folks talk about a nice girl," said the corporal, "and the feller that told me about it said he reckoned you two was in love." He hurried along now without offering her a chance to speak. "Of course that had to be caught up quick; you're too fine a girl for that."

"Too fine?" laughed Necla.

"I mean you're too fine and good to let him put you in wrong, just as he's too fine a fellow and got too much ahead of him to make what his people would call a messy alliance."

"Would his people object to—such a thing?" questioned the girl. They were alone in the store, and so they could talk freely. "I'm just supposin' you know."

"O Lord! Would they object?" Corporal Thomas laughed in a highly artificial manner that made Necla bridle and draw herself up indignantly.

"Go ahead and tell me; I won't be offended," insisted the girl. "You must. I don't know much about such things, for I've lived all my life with men like father and Poleon, who treat me just like one of themselves. But somebody will want to marry me some day, I suppose, so I ought to know what is wrong with me." She flushed up darkly under her brown cheeks.

Corporal Thomas began to perspire uncomfortably, but went on doggedly: "I'm goin' to tell you a story, not because it applies to Lieutenant Burrell."

"Of course," said the girl.

"But just to show you what I mean. It was a good long spell ago, when I was at Fort Supply, which was the frontier in them days, like this is now. We freighted in from Dodge City with bull teams, and it was s'pose the fringe of the frontier—no women, no society, nothin' much except a fort, a lot of Indians and a few officials with their wives and families. Now, them kind of places is all right for married men, but they're tough sleddin' for single ones, and after awhile a feller gets awful careless about himself. He seems to go backward and run down mighty quick when he gets away from civilization and his people and restraints and such things. He gets plumb reckless and forgetful of what's what. There was a captain with us, a young feller that looked like the lieutenant here and a good deal the same sort—high tempered and chivalrous and all that sort of thing, a West Pointer, too, good family and all that, and what's more, a captain at twenty-five. Now, our head freighter was married to a squaw, or leastways he had been, but in them days nobody thought much of it any more than they do up here now, and particularly because he'd had a government contract for a long while, ran a big gang of men and critters and had made a lot of money. Likewise

he had a girl, who lived at the fort and was mighty nice to look at and respectful to the eye after a year or so of cactus trees and mesquite and buffalo grass. She was twice as nice and twice as pretty as the women at the post, and as for money—well, her dad could have bought and sold all the officers in a lump, but they and their wives looked down on her, and she didn't mix with them none whatever. To make it short, the captain married her. Seemed like he got disregardful of everything, and the hunger to have a woman just overpowered him. She'd been courted by every single man for 400 miles around. She was pretty and full of fire, and they was both of an age to love hard, so Jefferson swore, he'd make the other women take her, but soldierin' is a heap different from any other profession, and the army has got its own traditions. The plan wouldn't work.

"By and by the captain got tired of tryin' and gave up the attempt—just devoted himself to her—and then we was transferred, all but him. We shifted to a better post, but Captain Jefferson was changed to another company and had to stay at Supply. Gee, it was a rotten hole! Inference had been used, and there he stuck, while the new officers cut him out completely, just like the others had done, so I was told, and it drifted on that way for a long time, him forever makin' an uphill fight to get his wife recognized and always quittin' loser. His folks back east was scandalized and froze him cold, callin' him a squaw-man, and the story went all through the army, till his brother officers had to treat him cold in order to keep enough warmth at home to live by, one thing leadin' to another till he finally resented it openly. After that he didn't last long. They made it so unpleasant that he quit the service—crowded him out, that's all. He was a born soldier, too, and didn't know nothin' else nor care for nothin' else; as fine a man as I ever served under, but it soured him so that a rattlesnake couldn't have lived with him. He tried to go into some kind of business after he quit the army, but he wasn't cut out for it and never made good as long as I knew of him. The last time I seen him was down on the border, and he had sure grown cultus. He had quit the squaw, who was livin' with a greaser in Tucson."

"And do you think I'm like that woman?" said Necla in a queer, strained voice. She had listened intently to the corporal's story, but he had purposely avoided her eyes and could not tell how she was taking it.

"No! You're different, but the army is just the same. I told you this to show you how it is out in the States. It don't apply to you, of course."

"Of course!" agreed Necla again.

"But what would happen to Lieutenant Burrell if—well, if he should do something like that? There are many half breed girls, I dare say, like this other girl, or—like me."

She did not flush now as before. Instead her cheeks were pale.

"It would go a heap worse with him than it did with Captain Jefferson," said the corporal, "for he's got more ahead of him, and he comes from better stock. Why, his family is way up."

"I never thought of myself as an Indian," said Necla dully. "In this country it's a person's heart that counts."

"That's how it ought to be," said the corporal heartily, "and I'm mighty sorry I've hurt you, little girl. I'm a rough old rooster, and I never thought until what you understood all this. Up here folks look at it right, but outside it's mighty different. Even yet you don't half understand."

"I'm glad I'm what I am," cried the girl. "There's nothing in my blood to be ashamed of, and I'm white in here." She struck her bosom fiercely. "If a man loves me he'll take me, no matter what it means to him."

The corporal slid down from the counter where he had been sitting. "I'm goin' to hunt up the lieutenant and get him to let me off. Nebbe I can stake a claim and sell it."

The moment he was gone the girl's composure vanished, and she gave vent to her feelings.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" she cried aloud, and with her fists she beat the boards in front of her. "He loves me! I know he does!" Then she began to tremble and sobbed. "I'm just like other girls."

She was still wrestling with herself when Gale returned, and he started at the look in her face as she approached him.

"Why did you marry my mother?" she asked. "Why? Why did you do it?"

He saw that she was in a rage and answered bluntly, "I didn't."

She shrunk at this. "Then why didn't you? Shame! Shame! That makes me worse than I thought I was. Oh, why did you ever turn squaw man? Why did you make me a breed?"

"Look here! What ails you?" said the trader.

"I've just begun to realize what I am. I'm not respectable. I'm not like other women and never can be. I'm a squaw—a squaw!"

"You're not!" he cried.

"No honest man can marry me. I'm a vagabond! The best I can get is my bed and board, like my mother."

"By heaven! Who offered you that?" Gale's face was whiter than hers now, but she disregarded him.

"He can play with me, but nothing more, and when he is gone another man can have me, and then another and another and another."

"That's all infernal rot," he said. "There's fifty good men in this camp would marry you tomorrow."

"Bah! I mean real men, not miners. I want to be a lady. I don't want to pull a hand sled and wear moccasins all my life and raise children for men with whiskers. I want to be loved—I want to be loved! I want to marry a gentleman."

"Burrell!" said Gale.

"No," she flared up—"not him nor anybody in particular, but somebody like him, some man with clean finger nails."

He found nothing humorous or grotesque in her measure of a gentleman, for he realized that she was stung to a pitch of unreason and unnatural excitement and that she was in terrible

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Hair Tonic
Stimulates the scalp, removes dandruff, gives a rich luster.

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Newport & Fall River Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for Fall River, via Middleboro, Portsmouth and Milford, 8:10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour, until 10:10 p. m., then 11:15 p. m., Sundays, 8:50 a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Freetown, Portsmouth and Middleboro, 8:10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the hour and half past the hour, until 10:10 p. m., then 11:15 p. m., Sundays, 8:50 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River, for Stone Bridge, 8:10 a. m., then 10:10 p. m., and 11:15 p. m., Sundays, 8:50 a. m., then same as week days.

Return, leave Stone Bridge for Fall River, 8:10 a. m., then 10:10 p. m., and 11:15 p. m., Sundays, 8:50 a. m., then same as week days.

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THE BARRIER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

enough.

"The old man hesitated. 'I'll own I was wrong,' he said finally, starting out into the sunshine with an odd expression. 'It was thoughtless and wrong, dead wrong, but I've loved you better than any daughter was ever loved in this wide world, and I've worked and starved and froze and saved, and so has Alluna, so that you might have something to live on when I'm gone and be different from us. I won't be long now, I guess. I've given you the best schooling of any girl on the river, and I'd have sent you out to a convent in the States, but I couldn't let you go so far away. I loved you too much for that! I couldn't do it, girl. I've tried, but you're all I've got, and I'm a selfish man, I reckon.'

"No, no! You're not!" his daughter cried impulsively. "You're everything that's good and dear, but you've lived a different life from other men, and you see things differently. It was mean of me to talk as I did." She put her arms around his neck and hugged him. "But I'm very unhappy, dad."

"Don't you stop to tell what started this?" he said gently, caressing her with his great, hard hand as softly as a mother. But she shook her head, and he continued, "I'll take the first boat down to the mission and marry your ma if you want me to."

"That wouldn't do any good," said she. "We'd better leave things as they are." Then she drew away and smiled at him bravely from the door. "I'm very bad to act this way, Scousie."

He nodded, and she went out.

Neela was in a restless mood, and remembering that Alluna and the children had gone berrying on the slopes behind the Indian village, she turned her way thither. All at once a fear of seeing Mende Burrell came upon her. She wanted to think this out, to find where she stood, before he had word with her. She had been led to observe herself from a strange angle and must verify her vision, as it were. What if he had changed now that he was alone and had had time to think? It would kill her if she saw any difference in him, and she knew she would be able to read it in his eyes.

As she went through the main street of the camp she saw Stark occupied near the water front, where he had bought a building lot. He spoke to her as she was about to pass.

"Good morning, miss. Are you rested from your trip?"

She answered that she was and would have continued on her way, but he stopped her.

"I don't want you to think that minding matter was my doing," he said. "I've got nothing against you. Your old man hasn't wasted any affection on me, and I can get along without him, all right; but I don't make trouble for girls if I can help it."

The girl believed that he meant what he said. His words were true, and he spoke seriously. Moreover, Stark was known already in the camp as a man who did not go out of his way to make friends or to render an accounting of his deeds, so it was natural that when he made her a show of kindness Neela should treat him with less coldness than might have been expected. The man had exercised an occult influence upon her from the time she first saw him at Lee's cabin, but it was too vague for definite feeling, and she had been too strongly swayed by Poleon and her father in their attitude toward him to be conscious of it.

"I'm going to build a big dance hall and saloon here," said Stark, showing her the stakes that he had driven. "As soon as the rush to the creek is over I'll hire a gang of men to get out a lot of house logs. I'll finish it in a week and be open for the stampede."

"Do you think this will be a big town?" she asked.

"Nobody can tell, but I'll take a chance. If it proves to be a false alarm I'll move on."

"You've been in a great many camps, I suppose."

He said that he had; that for twenty years he had been on the frontier and knew it from west Texas to the circle.

"I've never known anything except this," she swept the points of the compass with her arm. "And there is so much beyond that I want to know about. Oh, I feel so ignorant! There is something now that perhaps you could tell me, you have traveled so much."

"Let's have it," said he, smiling at her seriousness.

She hesitated, at a loss for words, finally blurting out what was in her mind:

"My father is a squaw man, Mr. Stark, and I've been raised to think that such things are customary."

"They are in all new countries," he assured her.

"But how are they regarded when civilization comes along?"

"Well, they aren't regarded, as a rule. Squaw men are pretty shiftless, and people don't pay much attention to them. I guess if they weren't they wouldn't be squaw men."

"My father isn't shiftless," she challenged, at which he remained silent, refusing to go on record. "Isn't a half breed just as good as a white?"

"I'm a 'blood,'" she declared recklessly, "and I want to know what people think of me. The men around here have never made me feel conscious of it, but—"

"You're afraid of these new people who are coming, eh? Well, don't worry about that, miss. It wouldn't make any difference to me or to any of your friends whether you were red, white, black or yellow."

"But it would make a difference with some people," insisted the girl.

"Oh, I reckon it would with eastern people. They look at things kind of funny. But we're not in the east."

"That's what I wanted to know. Nice people back there wouldn't tolerate a girl like me for a moment, would they?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess you'd have a hard time breaking in among the 'bontons.' But what's the use of thinking about it? This is your country, and these are your people."

A morbid desire was upon her to

track down this intangible racial distinction, but she saw Runlon, whom she could not bear, coming toward them, so thanked Stark hurriedly and went on her way.

"Been making friends with that squaw, eh?" remarked Runlon casually.

"Yes," replied Stark. "She's a nice little girl, and I like her. I told her I didn't have any part in that 'bontons' meeting affair."

"Huh! What's the matter with you? It was all your doing."

"I know it was, but I didn't aim it at her. I wanted that ground next to Lee's, and I wanted to throw a jolt into Old Man Gale. I couldn't let the girl stand in my way, but now that it's over I'm willing to be friends with her."

"Me too. By heaven, she's as graceful as a fawn. She's white too. Nobody would ever know she was a breed."

"She's a good girl," said Stark indignantly in a gentle tone that Runlon had never heard before.

"Getting kind of mushy, ain't you? I thought you had passed that stage, old man."

"No, I don't like her in that way."

"I'll lay you a little right to live that Burrell has thrown her down," chuckled Runlon.

"I never thought of that. You may be right."

"If it's true I'll shuffle up a hand for that soldier."

Meanwhile Neela had passed on out of the town and through the Indian village at the mouth of the creek until high up on the slopes she saw Alluna and the little ones. She climbed up to them and seated herself where she could look far out over the westward valley, with the great stream flowing half a mile beneath her. She stayed there all the morning, and, although the day was bright and the bushes bending with their burden of blue, she picked no berries, but thought resolutely through a dozen varying moods that mirrored themselves in her delicate face. It was her first soul struggle, but in time the buoyancy of youth and the almighty optimism of early love prevailed. And so she was in a happier frame of mind when the little company made their descent at midday.

As they approached the town they heard the familiar cry of "Steen-bó-o-o-o!" and by the time they had reached home the little camp was noisy with the plaint of wolf dogs. There were few men to join in the welcome today, every able-bodied inhabitant having disappeared into the hills, but the animals came trooping lazily to the bank and sat down on their haunches, watching the approaching steamer, in their soft eyes the sadness of a canine race of slaves.

The deserted aspect of the town puzzled the captain of the steamer, and upon landing he made his way at once to John Gale's store, where he learned from the trader of the strike and of the stampede that had resulted. Before the regiment was flushed a man approached and spoke excitedly:

"Captain, my ticket reads to Dawson, but I'm getting off here. Won't you have my outfit put ashore?" He was followed by a group of fellow passengers, who made a similar request.

"This place is good enough for me," one of them said.

"Me, too," another volunteered. "This strike is new, and we've hit her just in time."

Outside a dozen men had crowded "No Creek" Lee against the wall of the store and were clamoring to hear about his find.

Stark wasted no time. With money in his hands, he secured a dozen men who were willing to work for hire, for there are always those who prefer the surety of ten coined dollars to the hope of a hundred. He swooped down with these helpers on his pile of merchandise that had lain beneath tarpaulins on the river bank since the day he and Runlon landed, and by mid-afternoon a great tent had been stretched over a framework of peeled poles built on the lot where he and Neela had stood earlier in the day. Before dark his saloon was running. To be sure, there was no floor, and his polished fixtures looked strangely new and incongruous, but the town at large had assumed a similar air of incompleteness and crude immaturity, and little wonder, for it had grown therefold in half a day. Stark swiftly unpacked his gambling implements, keen to scent every advantage, and out of the handful of pale faced jackals who follow at the heels of a healthy herd he hired men to run them and to deal.

By night Flambeau was a mining camp.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Financial Genius.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?"

"A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had and which the people who think they are getting it will never see."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Music.

Mrs. Nagger—The noise you make at night is very unpleasant music. Mr. Nagger—Do you call snoring music? Mrs. Nagger—I should say so—sheet music arranged for the bogle.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Talleyrand's Reply.

Napoleon once said to Talleyrand, "I wish I had the keys to hell, for I could then put you in there." The reply was, "It would be better, sire, that I should have them, for then I could let you out."

Caterpillars.

The green and yellow things so frequently to be found in caterpillars are stated to be due to coloring matter derived from their food and passed through the blood of the spinners. By impregnating leaves with artificial colors the experimenters caused some species of caterpillars to produce silk of bright orange yellow and fine rose hues. By the aid of the spectroscope the presence and nature of colored pigments in the blood of the little creatures were established.—London Tatler.

GRIEF AND GREED.

Sorely Afflicted, Yet He Kept an Eye on the Main Point.

The following communication was recently addressed by a grief-stricken German husband to the secretary of a life insurance company in Germany:

"Sir—Deeply afflicted, I take up my pen to inform you that my dear wife, Anne Maria, nee Lee, insured to your company for the sum of \$750, has suddenly died, leaving me a victim to the deepest despair. This grievous blow fell on me this morning at 7. Kindly endeavor to let me have my insurance money as promptly as possible. The policy bears the number —, as you will find by reference to your books."

"I may say very seriously and in all sincerity that she was a faithful wife and an admirable mother. In order that all formalities may be settled with promptitude I inclose herewith a certificate officially recording her death."

"Her illness was but a short one. Nevertheless she suffered intensely, which naturally renders my grief all the more poignant. I have no doubt that you will afford me partial consolation by sending on the insurance money as promptly as possible."

"In return I hereby formally promise to have my second wife insured in your company for \$1,000, double the sum for which my deceased darling was insured."

"My grief is immense, yet the conviction that you will afford me consolation sustains me during this terrible ordeal. In the hope that we shall soon draw our insurance money, my children join me in," etc.—Exchange.

CAME ON THE JUMP.

A Signal That Brought the Busy Waiters in a Body.

To get a waiter quickly to a big cafe is at times very difficult, but a German waiter recently learned a method from a New York friend which is guaranteed instantly to bring not one but several waiters. This German waiter was giving a dinner in one of Philadelphia's swiftest cafes, with the New Yorker and two women as his guests. After a long delay a waiter came and took the order. "Then one of the women decided that she must make a change in her order. The host signaled one waiter after another without avail. After about ten minutes of violent gesticulating on his part the New Yorker said:

"You don't know how to attract their attention. I'll bet you \$5 I can bring a waiter to this table within thirty seconds."

"I'll take the bet," said the Philadelphia waiter, drawing out his watch. The New Yorker reached over into the middle of the table, picked up a thin, delicate glass and deliberately dashed it to the floor. Instantly every waiter in the room came rushing up to see what was the trouble.

"Charge one tumbler up on the bill," said the New Yorker laconically, "and change one of those oyster orders to Blue Points."

As the waiters

Established by Franklin in 1734.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1013

Saturday, May 8, 1909.

The Providence papers are shuddering in horror because that city has to pay more for its ice than other places in this region. But then, what's the use of worrying; according to present indications a good lively furnace fire will be more comfortable this summer than all the ice in New England.

France is facing a very uncomfortable position from every point of view. The employees of posts are in a very hostile frame of mind and there is reason to believe that the postal and allied branches of the federal service will be completely tied up. Thoughtful men of Europe regard the situation as dangerous in the extreme.

The old-fashioned absolute monarchies are growing every year delightfully less. No matter how wild and barbarous are the people, there is everywhere a demand for a constitution and a settled government that will guarantee certain rights to the residents. The Shah of Persia has recently granted the demand of his subjects for a constitution, or rather the restoration of the one granted by his predecessor.

The peace congress in Chicago has come to a close and those who are interested in its results feel confident that they have taken a step forward in the direction of international arbitration. Such a consummation is devoutly to be wished, but it is probable that for some years at least there will still be a resort to arms to settle international disputes, and that as Napoleon once said, "The Lord is on the side of the heavier battalions."

The police department of the town of Cranston have at last received sufficient back pay to make them willing to continue at their work a while longer. The entire force has been seriously talking of resigning for the reason that they had not received any money for something like eight weeks. The situation arose through complications regarding the appointment of town auditors, and the town treasurer feared to pay out money lest he might be held personally responsible.

The legislative session of 1909 is at an end after a busy four months. There have been several important and necessary laws enacted marking a step forward in the history of the State, but more important to consider than the laws that have been passed are those that have been killed. No session goes by without seeing the introduction of bills that are inimical to the best interests of the State and these it devolves upon the Legislature to kill even when they have strong support.

It is to be hoped that when this special session of Congress is completed the people will be content to let the tariff alone for a time. It is an easy matter for campaign spellbinders to get up and holler, "The people are suffering, revise the tariff," but when it comes to the actual revision no one wants his own business bit and Democratic as well as Republicans are ready to fight for self defense. A stable tariff is an absolute essential to good business conditions and a revision is one of the worst disasters that can befall.

The Boston Herald of Thursday contained a picture of the new home for President Taft, known as the summer White House, to be erected on Bellevue avenue in this city—in imagination. This was an architectural problem presented to New England students of architecture in contest for a traveling scholarship. As a subject the contestants were required to provide plans for the summer White House to be erected on Bellevue avenue. Two had we can't have it in fact. The choice of Beverly as the summer home of President Taft has made a big boom in business in that vicinity.

The Metropolitan Park Commission has been prominently before the State this year and much money has been asked to continue the work of the commission. The Legislature very wisely refused to grant the request to submit to the people a proposition to expend \$250,000 for the purchase of Rocky Point, there being many reasons against it. The sentiment in many quarters of the State is that while a park system would be very nice to have, there are limits to all things and the proposition as outlined looked to the uninitiated as unfeasible in its immensity.

The interests of Russia in the Orient are vast notwithstanding the setback that she received during the Japanese War, and as the United States is somewhat concerned in that part of the country too it is excellent judgment to have at the Russian court a man who is thoroughly familiar with Eastern affairs. Such a man is W. W. Rockhill who was transferred from the Chinese to the Russian court where his special knowledge might be of the greatest benefit. President Taft is the greatest benefactor to the exigencies of the situation in the Far East and proposes to have his most valuable men where they will do the most good.

General Assembly.

Friday was the day set for final adjournment of the Legislature, but it was expected that it would be rather late in the day before the labors would be completed. There was a great deal of business to be attended to on the last day, and although much of it was well in hand so that it could be pushed along without delay there were several matters that were expected to cause more or less debate.

A great deal of business has been disposed of during the past week, some matters having received favorable action and others having been killed. The three constitutional amendments have been passed in concurrence and are ready to go to the people. These include the reappointment act, the act defining the duties of the Lieutenant Governor, and the act giving the Governor the veto power. The Metropolitan Park Commission has been reduced in numbers and placed under the control of the Legislature. There have been passed in concurrence resolutions making appropriations of \$8000 for the suppression of the brown tail and gypsy moth, \$1500 for the San Jose scale and \$1600 for the Elm Leaf Beetle. The appropriations for the various agricultural societies have been passed.

The resolution providing for the submission to the people of a proposition to issue \$500,000 in bonds for certain construction work in Providence harbor has been passed in concurrence, but the one providing for a bond issue of \$250,000 for the purchase of Rocky Point met decisive defeat in the Senate.

In the Senate on Wednesday there was a lively debate on the Block Island Steamboat matter, the act repealing the statutes creating the New Shoreham Steamboat Commission being passed and communicated to the House. The appropriations for the completion and maintenance of the Stone Bridge have been passed in concurrence. The curfew bill and the pawnbrokers bill have been passed.

A resolution has been passed in concurrence creating a joint commission to look into the methods of tax assessment in the various cities and towns, to consist of two members of the Senate and three of the House.

The Tide of Immigration.

Although industrial conditions in this country have not as yet returned to normal, and notwithstanding that the number of unemployed, especially in our larger cities, is still quite large, the volume of immigration is increasing. A large proportion of the immigrants now coming here are from southern Italy, the scene of a recent catastrophe, and perhaps the desire to get away from the afflicted region has been sufficient to overcome prospects of a period of idleness in the new land, though it is probable that the westward flow is being stimulated by the efforts of steamship agents. In any event these people seem disposed to take a chance in the hope that things will change for the better when prosperity returns. Whatever the cause or reasons, the volume of immigration is again increasing in a remarkable way. Thus, in March we received 113,035 immigrants, nearly three and one-half times the number taken in during March of 1907, when this movement was at a low ebb, and the largest number brought in during any month since November, 1907. Indeed, last month's total of alien arrivals has only been exceeded nine times in the past three years—five times in 1907 and four times in 1908, or in the spring and early summer months of each year. The total recorded for March brings the number for the nine months of the fiscal year up to 441,723.

Seemingly, most of the immigrants remain in New York state, Pennsylvania being second choice, Illinois third, Massachusetts fourth, New Jersey fifth and Ohio sixth. Then follow California, Texas, Connecticut, Washington, Wisconsin, Missouri, West Virginia, Michigan and Minnesota, in the order named.

From 1820 to 1908, both inclusive, a period of eighty-eight years, 23,101,000 immigrants landed in the United States. This is at the rate of about 300,000 per year, whereas the arrivals for the past five years have been at the rate of over 1,000,000 per year. It will hardly be denied, we believe, that the problem of absorbing and assimilating this alien influx is a rather different one from what it was in earlier days, when the area of unoccupied land was vastly larger than it is to-day, and when congestion of city populations was not so marked as at present.

Our Foreign Relations.

One of the results of the enactment of a tariff law will be a readjustment of the trade relations of the United States with the other nations of the world. Of course nothing definite can be done in reference to this matter until it is known what provisions the new law will contain, and that is still a matter of uncertainty. At the same time the State Department officials have begun work on the preliminaries of what is going to be a very heavy task. In the event of the probable incorporation of the maximum and minimum features in the new law, it will be necessary to abrogate a number of existing agreements covering the field of trade relations, and to negotiate new treaties. Appreciating the difficulty of the task before the State Department, the Senate Finance Committee, it is understood, will provide for allowing some considerable time, say nine months or more, to elapse before putting the maximum and minimum provisions of the tariff bill into effect.

A-Dry Town.

New Bedford, like Fall River and some other large New England cities, is dry this year, a situation which the New Bedford Standard speaks of seriously. It says:

A year from now will be a better time than now to decide upon the success of the no-liquor period upon which this city has entered. For the present, condemnation and exultation are equally futile. Deliberate contemplation of the situation reveals that the time for the shouting is not today; in spite of exclamations that the city is "redeemed." No more is it the time to cry "failure."

The people of this city, after a debate in which both sides of the issue had a fair chance, decided by a majority large enough to admit no question of the decision, not to allow the sale of liquor as a beverage in New Bedford for one year. This is to be the law, as decreed by the people. The fact is plain, exact, not to be misunderstood. What individuals may think of the wisdom or the folly of the decision matters nothing to the practical action which is demanded. Here is the law, and the law determines the obligation.

That obligation is: first, to obey the law; second, to see that the law is obeyed. The case could not possibly be plainer. No sort of evasion or quibbling or objection is appropriate to this situation. More than that, no sort of quibbling or evasion or objection which goes to the extent of seeking to nullify the law is honorable. The only right course is the plain, precise, uneventful course of obeying the law.

We do not see any occasion for either flippancy or hysterics with respect to this matter. The will of the people as expressed at the ballot box is not a joke on the one hand, nor an infallible promise of the disappearance of evil on the other. All must realize that the last word on the subject of the liquor traffic in New Bedford is by no means yet said, and all ought to realize that the latest word is a word of serious import and not an occasion for weak jests or superficial rejoicings. We have in this no-liquor vote, following after a long succession of license votes, an illustration of what democracy is in its practical working means—the power of the people to decide important questions, and the right of the people to change their minds. This vote, considered in its broader aspect, is one working-out of the great problem of popular government; and no man is true to the ideal of government by the people who does not accord practical respect to the decision. The controversy over this question of license is, of course, not finally settled by the decision of last December. Undoubtedly it must be renewed. For ourselves, we can see no immediate future through which it will not be continued. Nevertheless, for this year the law for this city is settled—and good citizenship, entirely apart from any convictions upon the issues of temperance and intemperance, commands that it be respected and obeyed.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., May 6, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross country May 7 to 11. Warm wave 6 to 10, cool wave 9 to 13. This disturbance was expected to cause a great rise in temperatures and to inaugurate a two-week period of storms of greater than usual force. The cool wave is expected to inaugurate the blackberry winter and carry frosts further south than is usual for the season.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about May 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern states 16. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18.

This disturbance will be notable because of its unusually cool weather. The seven days centering on May 16 are expected to average cooler than any other seven days of the week. A great fall in temperature is expected from May 10 to 16 and during that fall the heaviest rains of the month are expected. But not much rain is expected from the lakes westward, nor in the Ohio valleys, nor in the lower Mississippi valleys. Most rain of May is expected from the lakes eastward, in Florida, in southwestern Texas and within 100 miles of St. Joseph, Missouri.

I am of the opinion that we are to have rather poor crop weather during May as a general average, and that, if the weather has any control, prices of farm and garden products will be firm throughout the month.

Fourth disturbance of May will reach Pacific coast about 16, cross Pacific slope by close of 17, great central valleys 18 to 20, eastern states 21. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 19, great central valleys 21, eastern states 23. This disturbance will bring a recovery from the unusually cool period and will bring the most severe storms of the month. While the chances are very largely against these dangerous storms visiting your locality the best way is to be on the outlook for them. I am not yet ready to undertake the location of dangerous storms. I do definitely locate blue-tinted of the weather changes I forecast but dangerous storms are exceedingly difficult to locate. I advise all to be on guard for bad storms May 19 to 21 and near those dates. Not much rain with this disturbance and not much during balance of May.

New Peace Society.

A new peace society has been formed in New York which numbers in the list of its incorporators the names of many prominent men. This organization is called the American Peace and Arbitration League, and its object is declared to be to promote the adequate armament of the United States and effective arbitration as correlative agencies for national security and international peace and justice. One of the specific purposes of the new society is an insistence upon the strengthening of the army and navy in such a way as to preclude the possibility of attack from abroad. The idea of the new organization is, it would seem, the peace of the strong man-armed. The first meeting of the society is to be held in Washington this month, and press dispatches announce that President Taft, who is mentioned as one of the honorary presidents, is expected to deliver an address before it.

Washington Matters.

Progress of Tariff Legislation—Taft Realizes that Tariff Revision Involves Serious Questions—New Tariff Bureau to be Created—Americans in Turkey no Longer in Danger—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
Washington, D. C., May 6, 1909.

President Taft has expressed himself, recently, as fairly well pleased with the attitude of the Senate toward the tariff bill. The members of the Finance Committee have consulted the President from time to time, regarding certain features of their substitute, and for the provisions relating to imports from the Philippines, the proposed customs court and the maximum, minimum clause, they have won his unqualified approval.

In discussing the tariff recently with friends the President has frankly deplored the fact that the men on whose assistance he should be able to rely, to secure an adequate revision of the tariff rates, are so unwilling to subordinate their local interests to the national welfare and are selfishly in-lust on the maintenance of high duties on those commodities most produced in their respective states.

The President is keenly alive to the importance of expeditious work by the two houses of Congress; he realizes to the full the embarrassment to the business interests of the country which is the inevitable concomitant of uncertainty regarding the tariff rates; but he is no less appreciative of the fact that the present tariff revision will, or should, be of such a character as to forestall all reasonable agitation for another re-adjustment of the schedules for a decade or longer. Under these circumstances he places the interests of the consumer for that period against the immediate necessities of the business man, and from the compassion he arrives at the conclusion that, for purely economic reasons, it is better to prolong the present situation even by a veto, if that be necessary, than to have written on the statutes an inequitable tariff act.

Senate leaders are rather disposed to discuss with little consideration all intimations of the President's dissatisfaction, and they go so far even as to assert that only those who are making the tariff can form any adequate conception of the difficulties as to the form the measure will assume after it has been submitted to the fire of the conference. However, that may be, the Chief Executive has a keen suspicion that the unequivocal expression of dissatisfaction, on the part of loyal Republicans, with the Senate's work thus far, can only promote the ultimate formulation of a measure which he can cordially approve.

The Republican members of the Finance Committee have completed the draft of the section creating the new tariff bureau. This bureau is to be formed by consolidating the existing bureaus of statistics and manufactures, now under the supervision of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor; the bureau of trade relations, now a part of the Department of State, and the division of customs, of the Treasury Department. The new bureau will be made a part of the Treasury Department, and an additional Assistant Secretary of the Treasury will be provided for who will have immediate jurisdiction over it.

A second section of the Senate substitute provides for appeal agents, to be appointed by the President to collect information here and abroad concerning foreign customs duties, for the use of the President in administering the maximum, minimum clause of the tariff bill. They will, of course, work in conjunction with the new tariff bureau.

The advocates of the tariff commission plan threaten to make a vigorous attack on the bureau plan if it does not meet their expectations. They have no objection to the investigating body being known as a bureau instead of a commission, but they will insist that it shall have both the ability and the power to find out, tariff facts, here and abroad, and to make public its findings.

The State Department is in receipt of reassuring dispatches from Ambassador Lehmann at Constantinople, which have added to their confidence that there is no longer cause for apprehension as to the welfare of Americans in Turkey. Mr. Lehmann expresses himself as greatly pleased with the way in which the new constitutional government has taken hold of the situation, and he predicts that there will be no necessity for martial law after another week or two. The trials of offenders are being conducted with dispatch, he says, the merchants have begun to do their usual business, and in a short time normal conditions will prevail.

The Next World's Fair.

Alone of all parts of the United States, New England has never had a world's fair, but it now seems determined to have one. The year fixed upon by the promoters of the project—1920—has been selected so as to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims and the founding of New England. It is intended to hold the exposition in Boston. The Boston Herald, which is enthusiastic in its advocacy of the movement, has in prospect a most magnificent World's Fair—"an exposition unsurpassed in the splendor of its conception, unrivaled in its beauty and its magnitude, unprecedented in its display of what is worthy of the world's acceptance, and unapproachable in its revelation of human endeavors." It is certain that New England, and Boston as representing it, are as well entitled as any places in the country to have their tercentenary celebrated as has been suggested. Great things were done there, and great influences went out from there, and the people of New England may rest assured that the rest of the country will view not only with approval but with helpful encouragement their determination to record with modern circumstance their reverence for their pioneer ancestors and for the great and useful services they performed.—Ex.

"I have here a device," said the inventor, "to increase the speed of motor cars."

The patent attorney frowned and shook his head.

"But what we really want," said he, "is a device to increase the speed of the pedestrians who have to dodge them."

What comes with the wind will go with the rain.—Irish Proverb.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

Frank Peters, 25, committed suicide at Hingham, Mass., by shooting. Discouragement due to lack of work is given as a cause.

J. A. Walker of the wholesale coal firm of J. A. Walker & Co. of Portsmouth and Boston, died suddenly at Boston. He was 69 years old.

The eight hour bill for employees on public works was passed to be engrossed in the Massachusetts senate. The bill now goes to the house.

Rev. Fr. James J. Kelley, for many years pastor of St. Patrick's church, Brockton, Mass., died after a lingering illness. He was 55 years old.

In order that he may devote his time more closely to the study of aeronautics, Professor Henry H. Clayton has resigned his position at the Blue Hill observatory, Milton, Mass., after a service of twenty-three years.

A resolution providing for an amendment of the constitution to permit the use of voting machines at all elections was passed to be engrossed in the Massachusetts house of representatives.

Utilizing a halter which for years he had used to lead horses of the Salem, Mass., fire department, Samuel H. Osborne, 40 years old, committed suicide in that city by hanging.

When the singing, where he was working on a high chimney at Lawrence, Mass., broke, John Lyden, aged 23, fell forty feet to the ground. His skull was fractured. He died soon after.

MAINE'S SUMMER BUSINESS.

Effort to Be Made to Divert Some of It to Cape Cod.

Boston, May 6.—In the opinion of Senator Eben S. Keith of Sagamore, Cape Cod should strive for part of the summer resort business which goes to Maine each year.

At a meeting of Cape Cod hotel men and representatives of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad held in this city a committee was appointed to inaugurate a campaign in the interest of Cape Cod watering places.

Senator Keith said that the summer resort business was getting away from the cape and that from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 was being spent in Maine yearly by summer visitors.

"Have you got the face to wear one of those sweat shirts?"

"No, but I've got the figure."

"Well, I haven't!"

And then she called him a stumpy brute.—Cleveland Leader.

"Money talks," said the man with the quotation habit.

"Yes," rejoined the cynical person, "and when it does it talks cents."—Boston Post.

"Man's great fault is that he has so many small ones."—Richter.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY 1909	STANDARD TIME	Rises	Sets	Moons	High water	Low water
8 Sat	4:17	4:17	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20
9 Sun	4:17	4:17	11:12	11:12	11:12	11:12
10 Mon	4:17	4:17	12:04	12:04	12:04	12:04
11 Tues	4:17	4:17	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
12 Wed	4:17	4:17	2:00	2:00	2:00	2:00
13 Thurs	4:17	4:17	3:00	3:00	3:00	3:00
14 Fri	4:17	4:17	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00

Full Moon, 24th day, 7h. 4m. morning.

Last Quarter, 12th day, 11h. 4m. evening.

New Moon, 10th day, 8h. 4m. morning.

First Quarter, 20th day, 2h. 4m. evening.

A Small Farm For Sale.

Close to Trolley Line.

I have for sale a very desirable small farm of about 64 acres, with new 7-room cottage, in Middleburg. This place is very close to trolley and water supply. A large spring of water. An excellent place for early vegetables and poultry farm. Price \$3,750. Apply at once to

A. O. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue,

Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 30th ult., Timothy, son of Dennis and the late Catherine Crowley, aged 30 years.

In this city, 30th ult., at the residence of his father, 47 Burdette avenue, David, son of Thomas and the late Mary Jernyn, aged 19 years and 10 days.

In this city, 1st inst., at her residence, Cottage Hill avenue, Catherine, widow of Patrick McCarthy.

In this city, 2d inst., Anna Russell Hoag, daughter of the late Robert S. Hoag, and Eliza Russell Hoag.

In this city, 6th inst., William Howard, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Riley, aged 6 months and 20 days.

In Portsmouth, 1st inst., suddenly, Henry Tison, in his 6th year.

In Portsmouth, 3th ult., James T. Bronson.

At her residence, Melville station, East Main road, Portsmouth, R. I., Martha A. wife of James F. Martin, aged 25 years.

In Portsmouth, 4th inst., Augusta Chase, wife of H. Earl Anthony, and daughter of Isaac and Miriam L. Chase, aged 22 years.

At St. Augustine, Fla., Jan. 13, Anna H. wife of Benjamin J. Whitten.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Every liver cured.

Sick headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Irons, Distress after eating, etc., the side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

HEADACHE.

ACHE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

KEPT IN PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS.

Fate of Crew of Whalers That Sailed From Provincetown.

Sailed From Provincetown.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE PERISHED.

American Seaman Who Escaped From Venezuelan Prison Says the Carrie D. Knowles Was Seized While in Distress Off Venezuelan Coast and Her Captain and Crew of Dozen Men Are Still Incarcerated.

Kingston, St. Vincent B. W. I., May 6.—It may be that Captain Stephenson and the crew of the American whaling ship Carrie D. Knowles, long since thought to have been lost at sea, are still alive in a Venezuelan prison.

An American seaman named Payne, an escaped prisoner from Venezuela, has made his way to Kingston, where he laid before the authorities an astounding story of the seizure of the Carrie D. Knowles at a Venezuelan port, where she arrived five years ago in distress, and the incarceration by the Venezuelans of the captain and his men. So convinced are the authorities here that there is truth in Payne's story that they have taken down his full statement and have already taken steps for a speedy and thorough investigation of the case.

On Jan. 27, 1904, the Carrie D. Knowles sailed from Provincetown, Mass., on a whaling voyage. Her captain was Colin Stephenson and her first mate H. A. Martin. In addition she carried a crew of about a dozen men. These are the names as given by Payne to the authorities here, and as far as he could remember the names of the members of the crew were:

Wallace, Warner, Robertson, Hazell, Sam Davis, Pierre, Grant, Lewis and John. Payne asserts positively that all of these men are at present confined in a Venezuelan prison.

The vessel was supposed to have been lost in a West Indian storm with all hands. Some of the men belonged in St. Vincent, and after all hope was given up of their return, their relatives put on mourning and the local insurance company eventually paid the claims against it on the assumption that the sailors were dead.

The story Payne told to the police authorities here caused great excitement, not only because of the seriousness of the charges against the Venezuelan authorities, but because it added another to the many tales which have reached St. Vincent concerning the high handed methods adopted by the Venezuelans under the administration of Castro.

Payne declared that the whaler was playing in a storm off the Venezuelan coast and made port in distress. This was five years ago, but the exact date he could not remember. She was at once seized and the captain and crew were made prisoners and thrown into jail. He states that all the men are alive, but are still closely confined.

The details of Payne's escape from prison are not known, for the police have him in charge and will detain him until the investigation of the authorities establishes the truth or falsity of his assertion. It is possible, however, that he is one of the score or more of prisoners who escaped from the penitentiary at Maracaibo about two weeks ago. Some of these men succeeded in making their way into Colombia and from that country it would not be difficult to reach St. Vincent.

RABIES IN NEW YORK.

Quarantines Have Become Necessary in Many Cities and Towns.

Albany, May 4.—During the past few months rabies has been more widespread in this state than ever before, according to a statement by Commissioner Pearson of the state department of agriculture, who says there are now quarantines in effect covering fifty-six towns, ten cities and four villages.

Pearson says that within a few months five persons bitten by rabid dogs have died and there have been a large number of deaths of cattle, sheep and swine.

Kills Son and Commits Suicide. Stafford Springs, Conn., May 4.—Driven insane apparently by the sight of a memorial card, which she had ordered for her daughter, Elsie, who died about a month ago, Mrs. Bernard Hester beat Charles E. Emory, who had called to deliver the card, over the head with an axe, inflicting very serious wounds, shot and killed her 2-year-old son and then took her own life by sending a bullet through her own heart.

NO SECTIONAL PREJUDICE.

Jeff Davis' Portrait Will Be on Mississippi Silver Service.

Charleston, May 7.—Captain Fremont, commanding the battleship Mississippi, does not object to the portrait of Jefferson Davis upon the silver service which the war vessel is to receive from the state in whose honor she is named.

Responding to a telegraphic request whether he and the other officers of the Mississippi were in sympathy with the antagonism which the likeness of the dead chieftain of the Confederacy on the silver service has aroused, wired the Charleston News and Courier from New Orleans as follows:

"The navy is without sectional prejudice and its patriotism knows no boundaries save those of the great country at large."

HE SPREAD OUT.

Advice the Roofer Got From His Boss In Apprentices Days.

The man was working on the side of a steeply sloping roof. All of a sudden his foot slipped, and, with a groan, he began to slide down slowly toward the edge.

As he slid he clutched with tense fingers at the tin, but it was smooth. It offered him no hold, and his speed gradually but surely increased.

As in a sitting posture, like a tolog-ganer, the man continued his deadly slide he began to pray in a loud, unguished voice.

Memory, as if in answer to his prayer, flashed across his brain the words: "Spread out."

The man instantly lay flat on his back, spreading arms and legs to their widest angle, making himself as much as possible like a starfish. And his speed at once decreased. The additional friction friction acted like a brake. A few feet from the edge of the roof he came to a stop.

"Help!" he then shouted.

But the slight movement of shouting acted like a push, and he slipped down a few inches more.

"Help!" And again he slid a little.

But this time help came. A rope was thrown, and the man climbed back to safety.

He wiped the beads of terror from his brow.

"My boss in my apprentice days," he said, "told me if I ever started sliding down a roof slope to spread out and it would stop me. I didn't believe him; but, by Jingo, he was right."

The man smiled and sighed, mustering on his long dead boss. Then he crawled back to his dangerous work on the steep slope of the roof.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A LOST ART.

Secret of the Tools Used by the Incas and the Aztecs.

What was the combination of metals from which the Egyptians, Aztecs and the Incas of Peru manufactured their tools and arms? Though each of these nations reached a high state of civilization, none of them ever discovered iron in spite of the fact that the soil of all three countries was largely impregnated with it. But they substituted for it a combination of metals that had the temper of steel, and the secret of the combination is lost to mankind.

Humboldt tried to discover the lost art by analyzing a chisel found in an ancient Inca silver mine, but all he could make of it was that it appeared to be a combination of a small portion of tin with copper. No present known way of combining these two metals will give the hardness of steel, so there must have been something else in the chisel which Humboldt missed.

And these ancient races were able to prepare pure copper so that it equaled the temper of the finest steel produced at the present day by the most scientific process. With their bronze and copper instruments they were able to quarry and shape the hardest stone, such as granite and porphyry, and even cut emeralds. The ancient peoples must have independently discovered the art of tempering copper, and yet it is a secret that baffles modern scientists of the whole civilized world.—New York Times.

Lemon Omelet.

Put the yolks of four eggs into a bowl with a tablespoonful of sugar. Beat until light and add the grated rind of a lemon. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and mix lightly with the yolks. Then stir in a fourth of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Pour in the omelet pan, in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted, and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes. When done cut the omelet in half, put on a hot platter, with the following lemon jelly between the layers, and serve as quickly as possible.

Lemon Jelly.—Take one-half cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, the juice and rind of one lemon and two well beaten eggs. Beat together and stir over the fire until thick.—Delineator.

A Weed That Steals Oysters.

A seaweed has invaded the oyster beds of France and carried off 400,000 oysters. It has carried them off bodily, as a thief would do. The minute seeds of this weed float up the English channel in the current of the gulf stream; they settle on oysters in the Breton beds of Morbihan, Quiberon and Belle Isle, and they grow to the size of a duck's egg. They are full of water, but at maturity the water evaporates, and air takes its place. The egg shaped seaweed is then a balloon, and, like a balloon, it lifts its oyster from the bottom and bears it out to sea.

Walking in New York.

Men walk more rapidly in the streets of New York city than in any other city in the world. The average speed during the business hours, according to the most careful calculations possible, is four and one-tenth miles an hour. After sunset the pace drops nearly one mile an hour.—New York Herald.

A Quick Shift.

Choleric Old Gentleman.—Miss. If that fool boy of mine marries you—Young Woman (grasping her lovely eyes to his)—Well, Mr. Seadley? Choleric Old Gentleman.—Er—well, dash him, I can't blame the boy.—Chicago Tribune.

A Postscript.

Willie, aged five, had delivered a message from his mother to a lady, but did not seem in a hurry to go. Being asked if there was anything else his mother had hidden him say, he replied, "No, ma'am; only she said I wasn't to ask you for any cake, but if you gave me any I was to take it and thank you." He got the cake.

Information.

"Where do all my Americans live?" inquired the European.

"About 4,000,000 of us live in New York," answered the cannie American.

"And the rest of us live in caves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HOTEL CELLS.

The Difference Between Them and Those of the Jails.

The chief difference between the average hotel cell and the average prison cell, viewed from the standpoint of social psychology, is that one is locked on the inside to keep outsiders out, while the other is locked on the outside to keep insiders in. The occupant of the hotel cell is afraid that something will be done to him or that something will be taken from him by some one who ought to be in a prison cell. That is the theory of it.

"Lock your door and leave your valuables at the office," cautions the obliging innkeeper. "If you had valuables you wouldn't be here," observes the witty prison keeper. That is to say, the question of valuables seems to enter largely into the matter.

It would be great to have a civilization which considered valuable only those things which could not be stolen, such as mental and moral equipment, skill and good fellowship. Then we could be a little more sociable. We could talk to each other without bothering our coats or feeling for our diamond studs every few minutes. Then the man who willingly secluded himself in a stuffy hotel cell could be locked in and made to stay there on the ground that something terrible was the matter with him.—Success Magazine.

THEATRICAL COSTUMES.

The Man Who Supplies Them Must Be Artistic and Well-Read.

An extensive library is an absolute necessity to the theatrical costumier. At the head of every theatrical costuming establishment there is a man of education, experience and genuine artistic ability, whose business it is to know what is needed and how to get it. If "The Prince of India," "Ben-Hur" or "The Darling of the Gods" is to be produced he must map out the lines on which the costumes are to be made, and those lines must be absolutely accurate. There is a wide difference between the French costumes of Napoleon's time, and those worn by Jeanne d'Arc and her friends. The chief designer must know it and act on his knowledge. At the time Custer fought his last fight the United States army—cavalry and infantry—was outfitted in a peculiar manner that has long since passed away. If the play deals with American army life of that period the costumes must show it, for it would never do to have the critics "roast" the piece because the producers were ignorant of the thing produced. The man at the head of the costuming department must, either, be conversant with all countries and all periods of history or he must know how to become so with decided alacrity; hence the costumier's library.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What Thieves Won't Steal.

The last thing the woman did before leaving the flat was to put four rings in the clock on the mantel. "So thieves won't get them," she said.

"I should think that would be simply inviting thieves to run away with them," said her friend. "That is a handsome clock, and thieves like handsome clocks."

"They do," said the woman, "but they never will steal this clock. It ticks too loud. No wise thief will run away with a clock that goes like a thrashing machine. It isn't the alarm about his person that he is afraid of, for he can stop the clock, but the occupants of the flat are likely to return before he gets safely away, and if a loud ticking clock is gone they will miss it the minute they step inside the door and maybe give him a hot chase for his plunder."—New York Press.

Taken Literally.

Wishing some bushes removed from his garden, a gentleman instructed his gardener to pull them up by the roots. Some time afterward he went into the garden and found the gardener digging trenches round the bushes.

"Why, George," he said, "you must not dig round those small bushes in that way. I am sure you are strong enough to pull them up by the roots."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the gardener; "I'm strong enough, but I must dig a little before I can get hold of the roots. If you'd told me to pull them up by the branches I could, of course, easily have removed them without digging."

—London Strand Magazine.

Bliss.

"Lysander" (sweetly), "do you know what day this is?"

"Sure! Our anniversary, Margaret, dear" (pretending to have remembered it all the time).

"No such thing" (frigidly). "It's the day you promised to nail the leg on that old kitchen table."

Lysander paled, tried to square himself on the anniversary blunder, fainted utterly, and the fireworks were on.—Judge's Library.

The Talented Miller Family.

"What is the Miller family doing now?"

"The wife is writing poems that nobody will read, the daughter is painting pictures that nobody will buy, the son is composing plays that nobody will put on the stage, and the husband is writing checks that nobody will cash."—Mergendörfer Blätter.

A Treat.

Sufferer (to lady in front)—Madam, if you were to remove your hat I could see the play. Lady in front (with manifestation of surprise)—Yes, but you could not then see my new hat.—London Telegraph.

Vulgarity is amusing only to the vulgar, and they are not worth amusing.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Every Woman Knows.

That the photographer can take a fine picture of most anybody else.—Cleveland News.

There is precious instruction to be got by finding we are wrong.—Carlyle.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine. It is the shadow of ourselves.—Carlyle.

YANKEE WIT.

Lincoln Said He Always Admired and Coveted It.

Alban Jasper Count, the artist, in telling of his experience in painting a portrait of Lincoln said:

"Yankee wit was mentioned at one of the sittings, and Lincoln said, 'That is something I always admired and coveted.' Some one said, 'Why, you certainly have the credit of possessing it in 'large measure.' 'No,' said Lincoln, 'not the genuine. I don't remember that I ever got credit for it but once.' Then he told how, hurrying once through a courtroom, he was ordered by the judge to defend a prisoner accused of assault and battery. A witness was just testifying that the complainant had been fought all over a field. 'On cross examination,' said Lincoln, 'I asked him, 'How large was that field—twenty acres?' 'No,' he replied. 'Ten acres?' 'No.' 'Were there two acres?' 'I persisted.' 'Yes; just about two,' he agreed. 'And you saw him fight this man all over the field?' pointing to the prisoner. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'did you ever see a fight before that turned out so little to the acre?' The witness admitted, with a grin, that he had not, the judge smiled, and the jury sneered. So, saying that as this crop was so poor it did not seem worth further cultivation, I submitted the case. Some of my friends said it was 'Yankee wit,' but that was the only time I ever got credit for it. I wish I had it."—McClure's Magazine.

HIS VOCABULARY.

It Was Real Literary, According to the Willy Stenographer.

The beautiful typewriter girl puffed out her golden pompadour nervously, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. "My speed 'll increase, Mr. Moor—excuse me, Wellington—my speed 'll increase 30 to 40 per cent every day."

Broker Wellington frowned. The girl had taken his dictation slowly. And in a stern, skeptical voice he said, "How so?"

"It's your new vocabulary that puts me out," she explained. "I had Mr. Moor's vocabulary very pat—as per 'contents noted,' the same—he only used about 300 words." Her datterling smile warmed the man like a sunbeam. "But you, sir, have a real literary style. 'Beg to submit,' 'your best attention,' 'slump,' 'bullish,' 'hypothesize'—they're all new words to me, and of course I can't rattle them off very fast at first. But just you wait, sir, till day after tomorrow. Then you'll see."

"All business men have different vocabularies that their stenographers must get accustomed to, eh?" said the broker.

"Yes, sir; some large, some small." Again her smile dazzled him. "Yours is larger than most. I should say it was thirty or forty words larger. Real literary, I call it."

"Miss Haskins, if there's—er—any supplies you need all you've got to do is ask," said the literary broker fatuously.

Early Psychotherapy.

In the Epistle of James we find the early Christian rule of psychotherapy. It was adopted by the early church and for many centuries was a rule of faith and practice in the Christian church in all its branches. It is still a rule of conduct in some of the older churches, and some leaders in churches where the rule has lapsed begin to plead for its revival and for the assumption by the church of what are called its legitimate powers. St. James said: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him."—Christian Register.

A Sad Case.

An Atchison man has lain in an unconscious state ever since 10 o'clock last night. Everything has been done to arouse him today, but all efforts are unavailing. His friends are greatly alarmed. They fear he may never regain consciousness. It seemed that yesterday evening right after dinner the man picked up his hat, put on his overcoat, and although his wife was sitting right in the room, she did not say, "Where are you going?" He walked out of the house. At 10 o'clock in the evening the man returned. He walked into the room where his wife sat and took off his hat and overcoat. She smiled at him pleasantly and did not say, "Where have you been?" The man fell unconscious to the floor.—Atchison Globe.

African Elephants.

In portions of Africa the natives believe when a herd of elephants is alarmed and runs away the bulls, if necessary, pick up and carry on their tusks the little ones which may not be able to keep up with the herd. These little ones when first born weigh not more than 200 pounds and of course might readily be carried, as stated. We do not know that any white man has ever seen this, but the natives insist that it is done.—Forest and Stream.

The Similarity.

Blotbs—Why do you liken Harduppe to the busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he? Slobbs—Oh, no; it isn't that, but nearly every one he touches gets stung.—Philadelphia Record.

A Billion.

Great Britain clings to its own numerical system and regards a billion as a million times a million. But America differs, a billion in the United States being only a thousand millions. This is perhaps the only instance in which a thing is bigger in the old country than in the new. One has to go only a little way from England—to Calais—to find the billion lessened, for France dignifies a thousand millions with the name of billion. They are wasting a word in France in this connection, however, inasmuch as there is already a word, milliard, to designate this number.—Chicago Record-Herald.

LIVING HORRORS.

Men Made to Look Like Beasts by Chinese Methods.

To transfer a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-beast or a man-dog he is made mute to complete the illusion and also deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture. A Chinese journal, the Hupso, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangsi. His entire body was covered with dog skin. He stood erect (although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to yank on all fours), could not utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down—in short, make the gestures of a human being. A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he would write. A pencil was given him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and district. Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His master was apprehended and condemned to death.—London Spare Moments.

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

Making It Pleasant For the Studious Traveler.

An English tourist travelling on foot through one of our mountainous regions, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight. "Going there?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first rate, take him just right, but he's mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Well, it's like this," and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting outside, most probably, and he'll see you coming. He'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him he may set the dog on you."

"If he don't and you get to talking with him and say anything he don't just like he may throw you down and tramp on you. But if you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he'll be liable to take you for a spy and use his gun first and listen to explanations afterward."

"If you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you do!"—Youth's Companion.

The Unemployed.

Lack of employment is not a new question. Says the Liverpool Mercury of Feb. 14, 1892: "It is of the highest importance that a committee of the legislature should immediately inquire into the causes of the present want of employment among the laboring classes and whether means might not be found in a nation of which the revenue is immense by which a succession of public works," etc. There were at that time 16,000 unemployed in Liverpool. The same writer after asking "Is war the only employment that the state has to give the poor?" goes on to show that the pyramids of Egypt and the "elegant edifices of Greece" were built with the object of "giving continual employment to the laborer."

Women's Work and Infant Mortality. In eight industrial towns, where the proportion of married women of child bearing age at work in the factories was 43 per cent, the infant mortality rate for ten years averaged 182 per 1,000. In eight industrial towns of a different type, where the proportion of married women at work was only 3 per cent, the infant mortality was only 160 per 1,000. The excessive rate in the first group is not due to bad wages nor to bad conditions, but to the absence of the mother.—London Post.

A BOWLER'S BRIDGE.

Probably Placed in Position by an Ancient Cloudburst.

One of the most remarkable freaks of wind and erosion known in the west is to be found in one of the smaller side canyons of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona.

In a narrow gorge, carried through centuries of flow of water and wind driven sand down the little valley, there lies a huge bowler as big as the average house moving van seen on a city street. It is held up solely by friction on the sides of the gorge and is entirely free from any solid connection with the sides of the sandstone walls.

From the sandy bed of the little gorge to the rock is fully seventy-five feet. The Indians who once roamed over the Grand canyon country have, of course, legends to account for the location of the big round rock, but as a matter of fact it is believed to have rolled off the slope of a rocky and precipitous mountain about five miles distant from the canyon and to have been picked up in the path of some cloudburst years ago and rolled to its present resting place.

The stone lugs only by a small projection on each side, but it is so solid that it forms a convenient footbridge across the gorge over which the pedestrian may take his way.—Kansas City Journal.

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"I thought you were going to be married this month," said the tall girl.

"I had expected to be," said the blue-eyed girl, "but I have put it off three months because my birthday comes this month, and if I get married then my wedding anniversary and birthday will come right together in future years and I'll get only half as many presents, because everybody will make one present do for both occasions."

Mrs. Stubb—John, I gave you a bust of Shakespeare for your den. Do you appreciate it?

Mr. Stubb—Well, I should say so, Maria. I always keep it near me.

Mrs. Stubb—I am so glad to hear you have a poetic soul, John.

Mr. Stubb—Yes, Maria. I find that bust just about the handsiest thing I ever struck for scratching matches.—Boston Traveler.

Towne—Well, well, the idea of his marrying Miss Goldey! Why, he's a dyspeptic.

Brown—What has that to do with it? She's got plenty of money, and so—

Towne—That's just it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.—Catholic Standard and Times.

You always want to try to do all your reading in the daytime," said the stern teacher of philology, addressing the class. "Sunlight is much better than any artificial light. Can any of you tell me why?"

Yes, ma'am," said Edwin. "It's a good deal cheaper."—Judge.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for?

Eminent Surgeon—Two hundred dollars.

Medical Student—I mean what did he have?

Eminent Surgeon—Two hundred dollars.—Christian Register.

"Is the baby strong?"

"Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?"

"Yes," he lifts that five or six times an hour!"

"New mown hay is a delightful perfume. We sell lots of it."

"Haven't you something with a gas olive odor? I want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."

Mrs. Malone's patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open, as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said:

"My dear, I have a splitting headache," said he to his wife. "Can't you manage to get rid of these people?"

"I can't very well show them to the door," she replied.

"Certainly not; but you can show yourself at the piano," he growled.—Tit-Bits.

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"It's mighty tough," says the philosopher of Holly, "to have a bunch of fellows throw rocks at you, and then to have the owner of the quarry come and get you plucked for receiving stolen goods."

Judge—Is that your real name?

Prisoner (who has been up before)—No, your honor, it's my "pen" name.—Harvard Lampoon.

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me!

He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—New York Journal.

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Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in plain, stamped envelope, accompanied by the amount of the charge, and the signature. 6. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. DILLY, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909.

NOTES.

CHANNING—A few lines of the Channing family. (1) John Channing Jr., married Mary (Chilmer) Robinson. Children: (2) 1. William Channing, b 1771, d 1798, and 1778, Lucy Ellery. Issue. (3) 2. Mary Channing, married George Gibbs. Issue. (4) 3. Walter Channing, married Hannah Smith of South Carolina. No issue. (5) 4. Rev. Henry Channing, married Mrs. McCurdy. (6) 5. Ann Channing, and Wm. Woodbridge. (7) 6. Elizabeth Channing. (8) 7. William Channing, b 1771, d 1798, and Lucy Ellery. Children: (9) 1. John Channing. Died young. (10) 2. Francis Dana Channing, b Aug 10, 1776, d 1819, married Susan Higginson. Issue. (11) 3. Ann Channing, b June, 1778, married Washington Allston. (12) 4. William Ellery Channing, b Apr 7, 1780, d Oct 2, 1842. Issue. (13) 5. Mary Channing, and Robert Rogers. (14) 6. Walter Channing, b 1798, d 1878. Issue. (15) 7. Lucy Channing, b Nov 1787, and W. W. Russell. Issue. (16) 8. George Gibbs Channing, b May 6, 1788, and Elizabeth P. Sigourney. Issue. (17) 9. Edward Tyrrell Channing, b 1790, and Henrietta A. S. Ellery, d 1850. (18) 10. Francis Dana Channing married Susan Higginson. Children: (19) 1. Susan Cleveland Channing, b 1797, Lucy Channing. (20) 2. Rev. William H. Channing, English Clergyman, b Boston, May 25, 1810, died London, Had son Francis Allston, b 1841, an English writer; and daughter Blanche Mary, also a writer, now deceased. (21) 3. William Ellery Channing, b Apr 7, 1780, died Oct 2, 1842, married Ruth Gibbs, of George and Mary Channing. Children: (22) 1. Daughter. Died young. (23) 2. Mary Ruth Channing. Would like to know whom she married. (24) 3. William Francis Channing, M. D. (25) 4. George Gibbs Channing. Died young. (26) 5. Mary Channing married Robert Rogers. Children: (27) 1. Mary Ruth Rogers. (28) 2. Robert Rogers Rogers. (29) 3. Walter Channing, b 1786, d 1878, and Barbara Perkins of Samuel O. of Boston, Mass., Mar 1815. She died Oct 1822, and he married (2) Eliza Wainwright. Children: (30) 1. Barbara Channing, died 1880. (31) 2. William Ellery Channing, b Boston, Mass. June 10, 1818, d Concord, Mass., Dec 23, 1901. Issue. (32) 3. Mary Channing, married Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (33) 4. Lucy B. Channing. Died young. (34) 5. Lucy Channing, b 1787, married William W. Russell of New York. Children: (35) 1. William Channing Russell. (36) 2. Anna Allston Russell. (37) 3. Francis Channing Russell. (38) 4. Elizabeth B. Russell. Died young. (39) 5. Rev. George Gibbs Channing, b May 6, 1788, married Elizabeth P. Sigourney. Children: (40) 1. George Edward Channing. Died young. (41) 2. Charles Sigourney Channing. Died young. (42) 3. Elizabeth Parsons Channing. (43) 4. Mary Sigourney Channing. (44) 5. Charles Sigourney Channing. (45) 6. Anna Holmes Channing. (46) 7. Ellen Channing. (47) 8. Frances Susan Channing. (48) 9. William Ellery Channing, b 1813, d 1901, and Ellen K. Foster. Children: (49) 1. Walter Channing, b Concord, Mass., Apr 14, 1810. Specialist in mental disease. Has written many works on that subject. (50) 2. Edward Channing, b Dorchester, Mass., June 15, 1850. Professor of History at Harvard University. Has also written much.

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GRIES.

6491 CLINTON—Would like information concerning these Clinton. Lawrence Clinton first appears in America in 1655 & 1656, when he married Rachel Hatfield of Ipswich. In 1656 he was given as 24. Soldier, King Philip's War 1675. Rachel divorced him in 1675 & a few years later she was 15 again and at which he married second time in Mass. in 1688. From Ancestry—Vital Statistics of E. L. Vol. 2, p. 30. —Sheldon, wife

of Lawrence a nephew of John Johnson, aged 85 years, 1890. (R. I. Friends Record Deaths). Trinity Church Newport Vol. 10, Baptisms. Clinton Thomas, infant, before 1700, Mersey adult Jan 14, 1711; Martha May 18, 1711. R. I. Colonial Records III. 612 1704 Oct 25. "Upon an appeal of Laurence Clinton, tenant to John Boston Jun to this assembly against a verdict of jury and judgment of court — on written commenced by Peter Chamberlain, guardian to the children of Samuel King deceased — judgment confirmed [sic]."—J. C. L.

ANSWERS.

6189. COON—Charles Barber Coon born at Oldfield, Conn., April 10, 1827 son of Moses Barber Coon and Martha—Bess—Coon resided at No. 4 Elm street, Westerly, R. I. Also a sister Mrs. Ann D. Brightman resided at Westerly, R. I. Mr. Coon spends the winters in Florida and has not returned this spring as yet.—B

6189. COON. MACCONE. MACKCOON, MICKCOON—John (1) Coon is said to have come from Aberdeenshire, Scotland. His name was on the list of inhabitants of Westerly in 1660. Name of wife is unknown. He had a son John (2) Maccone who married Ann, name unknown. He died at Westerly in 1783. His will was probated June 29, 1783.

John (2) and Anne (—) Maccone had a son Joseph (3) Maccone who married Jan 6, 1784, Jeannina Rose at Westerly, R. I.

Joseph (3) and Jeannina (Rose) Maccone had a son Elias (4) Maccone born at Westerly, Oct 5, 1789. Elias Coon and Phoebe May were married at Hopkinton, R. I. May 1, 1793.

Elias (4) and Phoebe (May) Coon had a son Caleb (5) Coon born at Hopkinton, July 23, 1790. Caleb (5) Coon married at Hopkinton, Dec 14, 1800, Dorcas Barber, daughter of Levi and Elizabeth (Nay) Barber.

Caleb (5) and Dorcas (Barber) Coon had a son Moses (6) Barber Coon born at Hopkinton, R. I. Feb 9, 1801. He died Jan 20, 1840 at Richmond, R. I. He married first Martha Bow Jan 19, 1823. Their children were (1) Ann, born Sept 27, 1823, married Horace Brightman; (2) James Monroe, born May 21, 1825; (3) Charles Barber, born Apr 16, 1827; (4) Elias, born July 10, 1828. Moses B. Coon moved to Glasgow, Conn., soon after his marriage and there his son Charles Barber Coon was born, and there his wife Martha (Bess) Coon died, Sept 25, 1829.

Moses Barber Coon married 2nd Mary A. Burdick. Charles B. Coon is a resident of Westerly, R. I. but spends his winters in Dayton, Fla.

It is said that the Rev. Daniel Coon was the first to drop the "Mac" and to write his name "Coon."—L. E. B.

KNIGHT AND MARY COOK, DAUGHTER OF ABIAL AND MARY (BRADFORD) COOK, OF LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.

WANTED—Mr. Knight's full name, said to be a sea captain, with usual genealogical particulars, date and place of that marriage, date and place of death of Mrs. Mary (Cook) Knight and place of birth of daughter Nancy Knight born July 28, 1790, who died in Channing Co., N. Y., widow of Gilbert, son of Henry, Edly. Address with Bill Rev. Henry C. Kneary, 809 W. 47th St. Chicago, Ill. 5-1-2w

Election of Officers.

Newport Artillery Company. Colonel Frank P. King has appointed the following non-commissioned officers.

Ordinance Sergeant—Thomas H. Lawton. Sergeant Major—David A. Lawton. Commissary Sergeant—Milton Denick. Ensign Sergeant—Eric Serrano. Color Sergeant—William A. Ogilvie. Chief Musicians—Daniel A. Peckham. Musicians—Henry C. Sherman, Jr., David A. Brown, Spencer Brown, Frank R. Peabody, Charles A. Sherman. Corporals—John H. Feilbaum, John J. Pawley, Chester L. Weyman, Frank W. King, John S. Bradfield, Alonzo A. Knowe.

Women's Missionary Society of the First M. B. Church.

President—Miss Hattie O. Titcomb. Vice presidents—Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. T. Fred Kaul, Mrs. Frederick Wile. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. W. H. Stanhope. Recording Secretary—Mrs. R. F. Thurston. Treasurer—Mrs. J. A. Hazard. Assistant Treasurer—Mrs. G. E. Martin. St. Martha's Guild of Emmanuel Church.

Vice-President—Mrs. Robert S. Gail. President—Mrs. Henry B. Tilly. Secretary—Mrs. E. W. Thomas. Treasurer—Miss Martha Burdick. Chairman Calling Committee—Mrs. William Merrell. Chairman Purchasing Committee—Mrs. J. H. Jonnett.

George Haumann, of 144 Malden street, Revere, a student in the Revere High School, was the winner of the first prize of \$25 offered by the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railways for the best design submitted by the pupils of the High Schools on their lines for a cover for the advertising folders issued by the Passenger Department of these companies. As a second prize \$15 will be given and as a third \$10. George E. Fisk, Jr., 23 Wyomington street, Malden, has been deemed by the judges as deserving of the second prize of \$15 and Miss Grace Chute of the Everett High School of Everett of the third prize of \$10. The winning designs a little later will be appropriately framed and placed on exhibition in the office of the Passenger Department at 509 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

A SPECIAL VICTOR OUTFIT \$40.00

INCLUDES New Style Victor II Machine. Jap Fibre Horn. 6-10 inch Single Records. 2-10 inch Double faced Records. 200 Needles. 1 Needle Box.

Barney's Music Store 154 Thames Street

The Good Old Reliable.

Never made a mother cross yet. It minds, that's why, and doesn't fly off, no one knows where, the minute your back's turned. Besides, it's so careful, never takes a penny's worth more than is absolutely necessary to keep it going. If that's the kind of a range you're looking for—one that will do just what you tell it to every time, and won't keep the coal bin looking like 30 cents all the time, get

A Crawford.

A. C. TITUS CO., 225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that's buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same. WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN, 169 THAMES STREET.



For Your Own Convenience Stop calling telephone numbers from memory. This practice is the cause of wrong connections being made and consequent dissatisfaction and annoyance. USE YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY and help us to give good service. **PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,** NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

MURDER IN FIRST DEGREE

Verdict Against Chester S. Jordan, Who Dismembered Wife's Body. Cambridge, Mass., May 6.—After being out nineteen hours, the jury which had under consideration the case of Chester S. Jordan, charged with murdering his wife, Honora, and dismembering her body, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.



CHESTER S. JORDAN.

Judge Fell thanked the jury for the faithful discharge of their duty and urged upon each member of the panel the desirability of not discussing the matter with anybody outside. Judge Stevens asked Mr. Bartlett, senior counsel for the defense, how long a time he wanted in which to file a bill of exceptions, and upon being told that a month would be sufficient, the court was adjourned without day.

WHOLESALE FORGER GIVES GOOD ADVICE

Maxims Which Young Men May Safely Follow

Chicago, May 5.—Four maxims as a guide to young men entering business were given by Peter Van Vliessen, the former real estate operator whose gigantic forgeries were recently unfolded. Van Vliessen is serving a sentence in Joliet prison, but is in Chicago trying to straighten out his books for his creditors. The maxims are: "Be honest in small things." "Do not permit your conscience to become calloused." "Be economical and never risk other people's money, no matter how certain success may seem." "Once you commit a wrong make restitution immediately, for delay means ruin, maybe death." Van Vliessen said sadly that once he was known as "Boss Peter." His first forgery was for \$2500. The doctor looked at the patient, "I am very sorry," said he, "but you didn't let me send for Dr. Goodie issue time ago. It's scarcely worth while to bring him here now." "Oh, well, doctor," said the patient, "perhaps you can make use of him as an accessory after the fact." —Cleveland Leader.

No. 1263 REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business April 25, 1909.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$28,810 10
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,923 45
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Residuals on U. S. Bonds	2,750 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	220,000 91
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	31,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	20,410 00
Cheques and other cash items	618 20
Exchange for clearing house	838 48
Notes of other National Banks	5,435 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	431 61
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$2,107 48
Legal-tender notes	5,200 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,000 00
Total	\$725,435 32

LIABILITIES.

Surplus fund	60,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	21,689 28
National Bank notes outstanding	97,000 00
Due to other National Banks	5,791 21
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	\$2,811 50
Individual deposits subject to check	\$27,938 30
Demands and certificates of deposit	10,392 42
Certified checks	1,331 50
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	25,000 00
Total	\$725,435 32

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Frood, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. FROOD, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of April, 1909. PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public. Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, Edward R. Peckham, Fred. R. Coggeshall, Directors.

No. 1022 REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business April 25, 1909.

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$37,651 45
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	191 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	110,000 00
Bonds, securities, etc.	65,000 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	12,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	6,310 80
Exchange for clearing house	838 48
Notes of other National Banks	2,800 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	488 64
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	25,505 42
Legal-tender notes	27,265 42
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,500 00
Total	\$397,217 50

LIABILITIES.

Special	2,238 62	
Legal-tender notes	2,000 00	27
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas-		
urer (5 per ct. of circulation)		5
Total		\$397,217 50
LIABILITIES.		DO
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000 00
Surplus fund		60,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses		
and taxes paid		56,812 11
National Bank notes outstanding		106,000 00
Dividends unpaid		180 20

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Frood, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1909. PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public. Correct—Attest: George W. Sherman, Henry Bull, Jr., Henry C. Stevens, Jr. Directors.

The "Vigilant-Pilot" says this "Colonel Watterston distaste his nostrils like an old war horse, sniff the scent of coming battle and predicts Democratic victory in 1912." It believes that the prophecy is vain and that the Louisville editor would use his energies to better purpose in trying to "kick the party into something resembling unity on one single public issue." It does not expect to see the Democratic party come into power again "until the people are convinced that it has principles and definite policies and will stand by them."

Carr's List.

Allice Brennan, Marie Josephine Oule, a tale of Old Newport in Revolutionary Days. The Whiskers Hour, Augustus Timmons. Illustrated with pictures from the play. The Perfume of the Lady in Black, Chaslon Letton, Author of the Mystery of the Yellow Room. The Chippendale, Robert Grant. The Automobile Book for 1909. Section No. 1, New York Canada and West. Section No. 2, New England. Horner's Automobile Educator. Fifth Edition Revised.

DAILY NEWS PRINTING.

Block Island and Providence.

POPULAR NEW SHOREHAM.

Leave Cannatarel wharf, Newport, Tuesday, 11:45 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. Returning, leave Block Island Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 8:00 a.m., day Newport, 10:00 a.m. Providence 12:30 p.m. R. C. WILSON, Agent, Newport. THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.

TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN.

Town Tax and Poll Tax for 1909.

Assessors' Notice

MIDDLETOWN, R. I., May 1, A. D. 1909. THE UNDERSIGNED, Assessors of Taxes, in and for the Town of Middletown, in the State of Rhode Island, do hereby elected and sworn, hereby give notice that on

TUESDAY, the twenty-fifth day of May instant, A. D. 1909,

at twelve o'clock noon,

they will receive and apportion the Town Tax ordered to be levied and assessed on the inhabitants of said Town and the taxable property therein, at the annual Town Meeting of the year next ensuing, to wit: on the fourth day of April, A. D. 1909, on the several persons, corporations, estates and property liable therefor, and taxable under the laws of said State, and at the same time will assess the Poll Tax for the current year, A. D. 1909, as provided in Chapter 47, of the General Laws of said State.

They are designated further hereby give notice that they will meet and be in session at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on: Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of May instant, A. D. 1909, on Thursday, the twenty-seventh, and on Friday, the twenty-eighth days of said month of May.

At ten o'clock a. m. to four o'clock p. m. for the purpose of receiving a true and correct account of all the taxable property of every person, corporation and estate liable to taxation in said Town under the laws of said State, and every such person, corporation and estate, to be in session in said Middletown, as aforesaid, is hereby notified and required to bring in to said Assessors, within the time so fixed, and at the place of meeting, and make oath to the truth of said account before some one of the undersigned Assessors as aforesaid.

Whoever neglects or refuses to bring in such account, if overtaxed, shall have no remedy therefor, as provided by law. Every male person above the age of twenty years who pays no property tax, or property less than one dollar, and who, if registered, would be qualified to vote, is liable to the assessment of a poll tax of one dollar, or so much thereof as with the other taxes assessed against said person shall amount to one dollar. ALDEN P. BARKER, WILLIAM S. COBBE-HALL, JAMES WILLIS DEUKHAM, CLARENCE P. SMITH, DENNIS J. MURPHY, Assessors of Taxes.

Aquidneck Mutual Insurance Co

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Company will be held at the office, No. 18 Thames street, in Newport, R. I., on SATURDAY, May 8, 1909, at 3 o'clock p. m. Business and liquidation of the business of the Company will be considered and such other business as may come before said meeting. By order of the President, HENRY BULL, JR.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Clara Irish Sherman. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of the former Wife, Clara Irish Sherman, late of said Middletown, deceased; that he has been bound to said Court as required and duly qualified himself as such Administrator. All persons having claims against the estate of said Clara Irish Sherman, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned. HENRY C. SHERMAN, Administrator. Middletown, R. I., May 1, 1909—3-1-4w

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Will not Rust, Waterproof and Time-Defying. Requires no coating for many years. Can be used on roofs, gutters, etc. Can be applied over old roofs. Reliable and Pliable. Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY, 7 Oak Street.

6-2-11

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS, Office of the

State Board of Public Roads.

The undersigned Board will meet at the Court House, Newport, R. I., Thursday, August 6, and each succeeding Thursday until further notice, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., to grant operators' licenses and to receive applications for registration of motor vehicles and motor cycles.

State Board of Public Roads.

18-17

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of W. M. IVINS & CO., members of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange. Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin. 9-20-17

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Poultry Crit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Poultry.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

6-2-17

WHERE TO GO

THIS SUMMER

Not a bit too early for you to begin casting about for places to visit this summer. Summer is so very far away.